VOLUME LV CHICAGO, AUGUST 31, 1905. NUMBER 27

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Then I said, "I covet Truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat,—
I leave it behind with the games of youth."
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Above me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;—
Beauty through my senses stole,
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Notes 435
Vacation Economics 436
Our Tower Hill Letter—Margaret T. Olmstead 437
Evening—*Louise Morgan Sill in The Outlook* 438

THE PULPIT—
A Non-Ecclesiastical Confession of Religious Faith—Louis F. Post 439
The Freedom of the Truth—Rev. Margaret T. Olmstead 442

CORRESPONDENCE—
Through Yellowstone Park—Mrs. Vandelia Varnum Thomas. 444

THE HOME—
Helps to High Living—*Horace Traubel, Collects* 445
When Mother Takes the Stocking-Bag—*The Myrtle* 445
The Doctor's Story—*Our Dumb Animals* 445
Where Mother Is—*Maxwell's Talisman* 446

THE FIELD—
Foreign Notes—M. E. H. 446

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1905. NUMBER 27

Religion does not first of all consist of hope of a future life but consists first of all in living well here—in a certain felt relationship with God—in that happy, grateful, devoted relationship which springs from knowledge of God's world and of our own humanity. Thorndale.

An exchange paper contains a sketch of John D. Rockefeller as a "friend of education." As an evidence of his Christian thrift it is told that at nine years of age he was raising turkeys and lending the money at 7 per cent. "Thus the alertness of his mind began to be delevoped."

"Grove Sunday" is the tempting phrase on the title page of an attractive program issued by All Souls Church of Santa Cruz, Cal. First there is a half-tone of the grove itself, then the printed program of hymns with musical interludes by the Presidio band of the Third United States Artillery, a sermon by Rev. George W. Stone, an invitation to bring basket lunches, and the announcement of a platform meeting in the afternoon. Surely the groves may well become God's later temples in the sunlit months of the year. Why should we not have more grove meetings, quiet, easy, neighborhood, economic grove meetings?

With the close of the Tower Hill summer school August 20 the representatives of the UNITY staff at Tower Hill folded their tents and silently stole away for a seven-day drive through Iowa, Dane and Jefferson counties, Wisconsin. Two "canopy top" loads will be beyond the reach of even the printer's devil for these seven days, and the UNITY issues for August 24 and 31 will be left more than ever to the tender mercies of our Chicago substitutes. The writer of this note only regrets that all the readers of UNITY could not join the procession, in quest for holy places, along the common highways of Wisconsin, for wherever beauty is revealed to the human eye or nature has received a touch of human consecration, there at least is holy ground.

Those familiar with the story of Western Unitarianism fifteen or twenty years ago will remember that the name of Rev. A. N. Somers was a familiar one in the news items of that denomination, as an Unitarian minister born in Virginia and with a missionary purpose. A late number of the *Boston Herald* gives an illustrated page to the recent triumphs of this man who has been barred from the active ministry by an accident to his eyes, since which time he has been giving himself to the work of invention, especially to battling with the "gypsy" and "brown-tailed" moths that so threaten the life of New England's noblest trees. It is claimed that he has perfected an invention that will carry a poisonous mixture to the top of the highest trees and it is hinted that there is still more startling information at hand which will revolutionize electric engineering.

Phebe Westcott Humphreys in the *Book Lover* for July has an article on "Studying Poetry with a Camera," the six pictures telling much more than the six pages of letter text, although the latter are interesting. Here is Whittier's "Bare Foot Boy" standing before you with his yoke of calves, his colt, and here are the very roadsides and running brooks that might have suggested his "Among the Hills." These photographs were taken by a Saturday Photographic Club of boys. We have often protested against the wastefulness and the idleness that lie back of much of the amateur photography. If half the pains were taken to perpetuate real beauty, to catch the poetry of life by the kodak as is spent in trying to perpetuate the grotesque and the absurd the returns would be simply wonderful. The suggestion in the *Book Lover* is a fascinating one. Pick your nature poem, then go out with your camera and make your illustrations. Thus gradually will grow an illustrated edition hand-made. We hope the boys and girls of the UNITY circle will try it and that the elder ones will lend them a hand.

The Christian Socialist appeals to us as expressing the noblest type of Socialism, that which is rather a growing ideal than a narrow political dogma, markedly in contrast to the negative gospel of such fire-eating publications as *The Appeal to Reason.* The present issue of *The Christian Socialist* contains an abstract from an article in *The North American Review* by Rev. T. C. Hall, of Union Theological Seminary. Prof. Hall sees a marked similarity between the conditions under which primitive Christianity rose, and the conditions which are shaping Socialism, as well as between the ideals and enthusiasms which were the life of the early Christian organizations, and the kindred hopes of Socialism:

"What gives Socialism an incalculable advantage over all trades-unionism and independent societies is its tremendous organizing faith in a final world-conquest. Going out of the close and often sordid air of trades-union squabbles into the atmosphere of Socialist idealism, even the calm and hostile critic must feel the force of this faith in the great unseen dream of an ultimate and complete victory. This uplifting vision was what marked the message of early Christianity, as over against even the most effective and most democratic of the other religious unions. These offered, indeed, temporary refuges, promising to every member some warmth and shelter while he lived and a decent burial when he died. The Christian guild was profitable both for this life and the life to come and stirred men's blood by the promise that soon, no man could tell how soon, the meek, the oppressed, the poor and the slave, would

inherit the earth, and would reign triumphant, where they were now suffering seemingly final defeat in life's battle. The Socialist hymn-book rings with the joy of just such certain success. . . . The real strength of *Socialism is not in its dogmas, but its faith in a supersensuous* reality, *a profound faith in a coming reign of its ideals of righteousness.* . . . If the Socialists are right, and to them fall the responsibilities of reorganizing a weary and outgrown civilization, then it is to be devoutly wished that they may become accurate students of the rise of the Old Catholic Church, and that they would more carefully guard themselves against the dangers that beset it in the hour of its victory. If the existing order is to maintain itself, then it must find some more zeal-inspiring dream than any yet on the horizon of either feudal Romanism or individualistic Protestantism."

Whatever we may think of the permanent values or the ultimate survival of the Socialist theories as now formulated, no earnest thinker can deny the great significance of the brotherhood ideals that underlie the movement, no one ought to be unkindled by these mighty hopes and enthusiasms, no one ought to doubt their ultimate triumph, though under what form only the future knows. D.

Vacation Economics.

Of the details of the program and the general tenor of the life at the Tower Hill summer school our readers have been apprised through our weekly letter from this temporary editorial headquarters of UNITY. Fortunately or unfortunately, the Conductor of this summer school is also the Editor-in-Chief of UNITY. Much of what he says in these columns in short meter constituted the burden of what he said to the members of this school in longer meter. But while the spirit of it is still on and the mind is still pitched on the working key, the Editor would fain tabulate a few of the results and lessons as they appear to the Conductor:

1. Fifteen successive annual sessions would seem to be adequate proof that it is possible to conduct summer classes apart from the "attractions" and excitements so characteristic of "summer assemblies" and "Chautauqua" gatherings. In the successful five weeks' session just closed no attempt was made to "draw" by the funny man, the concert, the elocutionist or popular lecture. The work was continuous and the attendance was sustained. When necessity carried some away, always to their regret, others came.

2. The fact that the thirty or more regular attendants at these classes were largely made up of tired teachers, preachers or school children who needed rest has proven once more to those actually on the ground that two or three hours out of the twenty-four spent in the quiet seclusion of a pavilion open to the air but closed to the insects, listening to the discussion of high themes, is not an exhaustion but on the other hand fits in with and contributes to the re-creation that is the summer's quest.

3. That there is in such an exercise a great spiritual and intellectual economy, enabling the teacher and the preacher to recoup the exhausted resources, to take on new stores of information as well as inspiration, so essential to continuous professional success and pedagogical integrity.

4. That the three lines of study pursued at Tower Hill have proven year by year adjustable to the circumstances. These lines have been:

(a) Science, at short range, the nature near at hand, the out-of-doors on Tower Hill. Plant, bird and insect life, each with its special instructor recruited from the citizens of the Hill. Miss Rosalie Hatherall has been two years or more working on the flowers and ferns of the Hill. Mr. Olmstead with his camera has been hunting for birds with marvelous results, and "Tom" Jones has been introducing flies, mosquitoes, snakes and toads in such a way that they become neighborly and familiar. The teachers must needs consult books; they have studied but their pupils need but the open eye and the alert mind, for they study the things at hand.

(b) Poetry, a never failing joy at Tower Hill. Ordinarily the quest of Tower Hill has been for the meaning of the masters—Browning, Emerson, Whitman, Ruskin, etc., but this year as twice before they ranged the general field, went picking blossoms in the flower fields of the bards, making their own bouquets out of the bigger anthologies found in the books. How profitable is the work of cancellation! How delightful is the residuum after heroic eliminations! Even in this time of too much printing and over-read minds we found rich stores in the mind and "by the heart" when the quest is persistent, kindly and co-operative.

(c) The interest in religion is perennial. Once more it was demonstrated, to the satisfaction of those on Tower Hill, that outline work is not necessarily superficial work; at least that an outline acquaintance with the great religious forces of the world is not so deplorable as dense ignorance. Seven or eight years ago John C. Learned of blessed memory conducted the Tower Hill class in comparative religions. Since that time the teacher's task has been greatly simplified. The story of the great prophets of religion has been told in plainer English and for beginners. What was then accessible only to the specialist is now available to high school students, and a beautiful collection of stories, parables and precepts might be easily compiled for grammar grade ages. The work was an unqualified delight to teacher and to pupils.

This writer confines himself to generalities; the details are given elsewhere. It is not for him to speak of the success of the course, but he cannot forbear bearing testimony to the fact that for the fifteenth time Tower Hill has demonstrated the possibility of combining physical renewal and mental refilling, the one process helping the other; both representing the imperative demand of a vacation worthy the name. There is a great economic waste in America carried on every year under the title of "vacation." O! the wastage of human nerve and precious time on the part of thousands of women whose mid-summer days are spent in three successive dressings for the three meals and the interim in "small" talk and "light" reading in hammocks and on the porches of summer resorts. And O! the equally sad waste of time on the part of men who go chasing after fun, making themselves hot running after little balls or in trying to induce contented fish to nibble at their delusive hooks. Is it necessary, is it possible to prolong the play spirit so natural to children

into adult life without a sacrifice of the pleasures and the growths that belong to the men and women who have reached their majority? The Tower Hill summer school offers its fifteen years of experience as a contribution to the answer of this and similar quests.

We cannot close this editorial notice of the Tower Hill summer school without calling special attention to the striking success of Rev. Rett E. Olmstead in the art as well as the science of the new hunting. For four evenings he displayed the marvelous achievements of the camera as a bird-hunter. Many of the most ingenious results and skillful achievements in this bloodless hunting were witness to Mr. Olmstead's own growth in this direction. The continuous story of whip-poor-wills, owls, hawks and other birds, from the nest-making time to the flight of the bird, were idylls, epics and tragedies in feathered life. If the state of Iowa realized not only the achievements but the possibilities in this direction it would lose no time in attaching Mr. Olmstead to the pedagogical staff of the state, giving him one-half of his time for research work in this direction and the other half in giving the result of the same to teachers, high schools, farmers' institutes, etc.

Our Tower Hill Letter.

The letters written for this column by newcomers have such a freshness and spontaneity that I wonder how any reader who likes this sort of life can resist coming here. Without doubt the personal equation has something to do with literary style. But other things being equal the enthusiasm of first impressions is a great help to the power of expression. We who have been here before find no less of charm than at first, but more. Our love for the place deepens with the years, else we would not return again and again. But every time we come we find it harder to say what it means to us.

During the first half of our busy work year we look lovingly back to the happy time here, and during the last half we look longingly forward to the blessed days we expect to have here. Not that the ten months are endured merely. That part of our life is as desirable in its way as this. If there is no work period there can be no vacation. Still better, the scenes and experiences and human associations of the work year add their own strength and discipline, joy and richness to our lives. And that Tower Hill means much to us is partly because of our recurring contact with people, things and events in the busy centers of the world. Even while here we do not cut loose from the great world of humanity. This is no selfish exclusion. We have learned that we cannot know human nature by our own limited experience with it, but must look to its masterly interpreters in books. Also to put new life into us, and better fit us for the work year, we must have this soaking Nature-bath, we must get better acquainted with our fellow creatures that crawl and fly and blossom, and we must rest ourselves with the great thoughts of the ages. Therefore our summer school.

The secret of Tower Hill's appeal lies not in any one feature, but in the thing as a whole. The nature beauty here can be found almost everywhere. Perhaps also the simplicity, or the democracy, or even our kind of summer school can be matched somewhere, but is there any other place that has all these things, and a few others as good, combined? Possibly. I hope I am mistaken in thinking Tower Hill a unique institution. But I know of none like it.

This week the science class, led by Thomas R. Lloyd Jones, continued the study of our common insects with lessons on the grasshoppers and crickets. A delightful discovery to most of us is the snowy cricket of whose chirp Hawthorne says: "If moonlight could be heard, it would sound like that." What marvelous beauty of color is revealed by the microscope in all these tiny creatures! The dingiest fly is brilliant when our dull eyes are aided by the glass. It suggests what a vast world of beauty and wonder lies still undiscovered at our very doors, a world which no lens yet made has been able to penetrate. And when we reflect that law and purpose run through and unify it all, we are thrilled and awed into reverence.

From a practical talk on snakes, given by request, we learned that there are but three poisonous varieties in this country; the rattlesnake, the copperhead, and the water moccasin of the South. These may all be distinguished from the harmless kinds by their broad arrow-shaped head and slender neck. Harmless snakes should not be killed, as they are of great service in destroying pests. The last lesson was a carefully prepared paper showing how Nature provides for keeping the balance of life in the plant and animal world perfectly adjusted. Man in his shortsightedness has interfered with this balance, from which blundering interference man himself is the greatest sufferer. It was a convincing plea for intelligent coöperation with Nature for both economic and humane reasons. It was given on Thursday evening that the farmer folk might hear it.

In literature, after the daily Browning poem, the anthology making was continued, but not concluded. It proved too big a task for one short summer. Our leader had to leave untouched a whole armful of smaller collections which he had selected from the half hundred or more anthologies in his library. He often reminds us that anthologies are good only when rightly used—that is, in helping each person to make his own. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, at his request, each member of the class brought in his (I use "his" out of deference to the one man member. When will somebody invent the pronoun we need?) favorite one or more poems of consolation, heroism and childhood. We may hear later of this interesting list. By request Mr. Jones gave some suggestions for class work in Browning. He offered no cut and dried program, but what is better stated some fundamental principles. He said we might take for a winter's work the music poems, the Jew poems, or any set that fit well together, and pursue it with pleasure and profit *if* we set ourselves to it as a serious and honest piece of work. Guide books and commentaries are good if you know how to use them, but the only way to read Browning is to read Browning. The thing is not to know about the poem but to know the poem. That, too, is the best way to know the poet. Much depends on starting right. A good way for a beginner is to spend six months on Rabbi Ben Ezra.

While I enjoy immensely the literature hour, and feel much indebted to our three science teachers for the enlargement of vision and enrichment of soul they have brought to me, yet to me the course in religion is the biggest thing on Tower Hill or anywhere else. It takes my breath away, and thrills me with a sense of infinity and unity and universality as

nothing else does. And this in spite of the fact that I am taking notes all the while, a thing I would not do could I bring my Sunday School teachers here, or put in their hands a stenographic report. I know that I must read up at home everything available on the subject before I can be ready to teach it even in my poor way. But nothing elsewhere can take the place of the illuminating and revealing sentences which fall white hot from the lips of "a man named Jones." This week we had Mohammedanism and Shintoism. Both these great religions are unknown to the vast majority of Christians except from the outside, and as something to be avoided as the plague. The teaching was reinforced by a chart of the centuries, one of the indispensable tools whose pedagogic value is not recognized by the Sunday Schools in general. I have seen much blackboard work of the spectacular sort, but this is quite another thing. Any child who looks at that chart with its two lines marked Assyria and Egypt stretching away back to the fiftieth century B. C. and from there still back in a nebulous haze to show that those wonderful civilizations could not spring up like a mushroom in a night will understand the text he repeats every Sunday, "The soul of man is widening toward the past." And when he notes the many lines side by side he will realize that between Christian and pagan there is no real antagonism, but a real harmony, and that all streams of faith are fed from the One Source.

Friday each one brought a written review of the five weeks' work. It was an object lesson of what a beneficent factor examinations might become if they could be dissociated from the ignoble strife for a per cent mark, and the worry lest one won't "pass." This walk we have taken together along the highways and byways of divine revelation found fitting climax in our leader's closing prayer. A business meeting was held in which each one said this work is worth while and the school must go on. Officers were elected and the business committee outlined some definite things to be done to reach those who are looking for just such a thing as this but do not know it is to be found here. Their recommendations were adopted with enthusiasm.

On Sunday the annual grove meeting was held. The weather was perfect, the attendance large. Many had to sit on the grass outside the pavilion, where they could easily hear. It was a fellowship meeting indeed, shot through with the spirit of brotherhood. The first speaker was Rev. Margaret T. Olmstead of Unity Church, Decorah, Iowa. Rev. Harding R. Hogan of the Spring Green Congregational Church followed with a helpful and inspiring talk on "The Cure for Discontent." Then Rev. Granville R. Pike of the Congregational Church, Eau Claire, spoke with power of the inclusiveness of the divine love and purpose and the sanctity and glory of the common life. At dinner time some of the visitors found accommodation at the dining hall, others opened their baskets in the cottages of friends, while the greater number ate under the trees. After dinner we heard from Father Loomis of Lone Rock, whose face and voice are always welcome here. Rev. F. W. Schoenfeld of the Congregational Church, Dodgeville, spoke on the need of more vitality in the church. The spiritual potency of the meetings was augmented by the congregational singing and the solos of Messrs. Jones of Hillside Valley and Miss Zeiss and Mr. Shockley of Chicago. As is the custom the closing word was a memorial one by Mr. Jones. He spoke of all the neighbors and friends who had passed on during the year, but for the most part of the singularly, beautiful life of Henry M. Simmons, whose gracious presence and inspiring message Tower Hill had learned to look for and to love.

One might have thought that after such a strenuous day the vesper service could be dispensed with. But no; we all found that we could not go to bed satisfied without our usual Sunday evening uplift. Invigorating as the day meetings had been they could not fill the need that the vesper service fills, so Mr. Jones read to us Fergusson's "Forging of the Anchor" and Kipling's "McAndrew's Hymn." We sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and "He Leadeth Me," joined silently in our leader's benediction, and then went to our rest with full hearts.

MARGARET T. OLMSTEAD.

Aug. 22, 1905.

Evening.

The sun's long hour of passion has ta'en flight,
  The wind is sleeping, and the drowsy flowers
  Droop softly. All the little petulant showers
That fret the earth with bitter-sweet delight,
Have fled before the Night's approaching train
In swiftly vanished bubbles of bright rain.

A blur of green and gray the meadow lies,
  And the dim patch of woodland, where is heard
  The tender calls of a remonstrant bird—
As if she cried to the far Mysteries
To keep her brooding nest, where younglings lay,
Serene and safe until the coming day.

Another wistful sound is in the air
  Here, where the brook has dallied all day long.
  Now in the vesper changes of its song
It has embodied, too, a patient prayer,
And its mute rocks are altars whence to raise
The old rich choral of its evening praise.

Mayhap on yonder distant evening star
  Is heard the hymning of the humble stream;
  The bird's appealing murmur in her dream
Is carried by the friendly ether far
From realm to realm, to join the mighty cry
Of all created things to God on high.

How quiet is the air! What spirit hath
  Hidden within the shadows, that my feet
  Pause in half-fright at what I next may meet
Around the turning of the misty path—
Some genie of the evening on his round,
Treading before me guiltless of a sound?

Or some sad wanderer seeking here surcease
  From life's vexation, lifting up his heart
  Until of Evening he becomes a part,
Lost in its primal wonder and its peace.
Ah, may he feel God's hand upon his brow
Blessing and cherishing him—as I do now.

—*Louise Morgan Sill in The Outlook.*

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live:
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
  And would we aught behold of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
  Ah, from the soul itself must issue forth,
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
  Enveloping the Earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
  A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

—*Coleridge.*

From low to high doth dissolution climb,
And sink from high to low, along a scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail;
A musical but melancholy chime,
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whiten'd hill and plain
And is no more; drop like the tower sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
Her crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of time.

—*William Wordsworth.*

THE PULPIT.

A Non-Ecclesiastical Confession of Religious Faith.

ADDRESS AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, AUGUST 13, 1905, BY LOUIS F. POST.

I have been honored several times with invitations to speak to this congregation on a vacation Sunday, and I always respond with a great deal of satisfaction to myself because I have a sense of freedom here which is not usual in all religious gatherings. Perhaps it is a poor recognition of your generosity that I should inflict upon you what may be regarded as a doctrinal address, embodying doctrines that may be objectional to some of you. If this is so, I will apologize in advance and then go on with my doctrines. For after all, doctrines with reference to truth may be likened to streets with reference to a city. They are the paths by means of which we get about. Some streets are too narrow, some are too broad, some are only alleys, and blind alleys at that; and so it is with doctrines. But streets we must have if we have cities, and doctrines if we would explore truth. And what I shall offer you in the way of doctrine is only a map—my map—which you can accept or reject as you please. As long as we accept and make our maps of doctrine honestly, and alter them when we find them wrong, we have no reason to think contemptuously of doctrines merely because they are doctrines.

While I am apologizing, perhaps I ought also to apologize for the extremely personal character of the address I am about to make. But after all do not personal experiences offer a better method of conveying one's ideas than mere abstract statement? It seems to me that I can make this confession of faith best by telling you how my faith came to me.

Let me say at the outset that I am not a member of any religious denomination. I have no church connections, and because I have no church connections, it might be inferred that I have no religious convictions. Yet the differences in religious opinion between myself and my friends of the churches are probably neither so numerous nor so radical as might be imagined. In the final analysis our disputes would hinge, I think, chiefly upon questions of ecclesiasticism. For I reject what my friends of the churches are pleased to call their spiritual authorities, and rest my religious faith upon what I am pleased to call my own perceptions and my own reason.

Most cordially do I grant you that this medium of spiritual light is of dubious value. But its revelations, while not inferior to those of the churches in the humanities, are superior in the harmonies; and as this is the only channel of communication the universal Father has ever established between Himself and me, so far as I know, I prefer it to all others for my own use.

Once upon a time I too belonged to a church. Although not born in the Presbyterian "persuasion," as we used to say, I was plunged into it at an early age, so early that my "memory runneth not to the contrary." In the primitive society of my native hills —and swamps, Presbyterianism and respectability were synonymous. Methodism, the only other organized sect in our region, was condescendingly approved, because, by interesting the lower classes, it operated as a moral police force. Catholics were despised by Presbyterians and Methodists alike, for being "low Irish," very foreign and therefore very dangerous as well as very godless. Even the Methodists couldn't coax Catholics away from the "scarlet woman," whom I recall as an old hag in a red hood riding on a broom stick. Of Jews, I remember a vague notion that there had been none on earth for 1,800 years—except the Wandering Jew, and an occasional peddler who couldn't crucify you if your Presbyterian grandfather was at hand. Unitarians, Universalists, free-thinkers and atheists were all classed as "infidels" deliberately bound for hell—men of whom it was naively said that their irreligion might be good enough to live by but it wouldn't do to die by.

The caloric fate of Catholics, Jews and infidels didn't concern me. Though I have many cherished friends among them all now, they were then hardly more than figures of speech, quite incapable of feeling the exquisite agony of brimstone fire. But I pitied the "mere moral man," a type whom I personally knew; and the funeral sermons when these men died brought me great relief, for they always held out a human hope that the particular "remains" would probably escape the wrath to come.

Often in later years that crudely pious notion about "mere morality" seemed to me absurdly pagan. But I think I discern in it now the distorted image of a spiritual truth. The law of human character is never satisfied with moral behavior alone; it probes the intent. Something more is demanded of the religious man than merely keeping out of jail, or even out of mischief.

To recur to the fire and brimstone hell I have mentioned, it was to me a lurid reality. My selfish anguish lest I, even I, might not answer roll call among the elect on the last great day was at times excruciating. Possibly the fault was my own, but I got the notion that faith was necessary to make my election sure, and that faith meant implicit belief in the improbable and unreal. In stark terror, therefore, "I walked the earth a credulous man, believing many things." I was as credulous regarding pulpit utterances as your materialistic fatalist is about inherited criminality.

Perhaps my faith had been over-trained. At any rate, when new experiences disclosed new sets of facts, a new religious vista opened before me. My church friends may not think this vista religious; for it lured me into free thinking, as it was stigmatized, and thence to agnosticism and atheism. I came to believe that there is no God and no spiritual life. Men seemed to me only as the flame of the candle, which is something and somewhere while it burns, but nothing and nowhere when you blow it out.

That all this was really a religious process, is part of the faith I am now confessing. To such of you as have come to your religious faith by other ways, the atheistic path may not seem in the direction of religion. But as "there are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays, and every single one of them is right," even if not the way of our tribe, so there are twelve gates into the New Jerusalem, every single one of which is the right gate even if it isn't yours or mine. Some fine morning, Jew and Catholic and Protestant and atheist, those of the spiritual purpose—some fine morning after these fleshly garments of ours have been cast into graves, may we not all meet face to face in the New Jerusalem, coming toward one another each through his own gate? Even here and now, do we not come at times into the New Jerusalem, as it were, through our opposite gates, meeting one another spiritually face to face and greeting one another spiritually heart to heart?

Whether or not atheism may be one of the gates into the New Jerusalem, I think that in my case it was at least a vestibule from paganism to religion. I should think it so though I were sure of its having been

atheism. But looking backward, I doubt if I ever was an atheist. I think that the God I denied was only my own distorted apprehension of a theological fetish. I doubt, too, if I ever really rejected the idea of spiritual life. What I revolted at was a pagan hell with its cruel devils keeping the sulphurous fire ablaze, and a pagan heaven with useless angels "loafing about a throne."

Revolting as was my reasonless faith, I found the process of evicting it long and painful. In time, however, this old faith died within me, and I came fully into the stage of irrational negation which I have described as atheistic. Eventually that period, too, passed away. Materialistic explanations of a Godless universe ceased to satisfy me. The evolution of conscious life and moral ideals from unconscious matter and unmoral motion, became as absurd to my perceptions as that the stream can rise above its source. It seemed to me more rational to guess that the human brain, as it developed physically, acquired capacity for receiving and individualizing moral impulses than to guess that it generated them. Ancestor worship impressed me as less likely to have produced God, than to be a groping in the dark for God by being intuitively conscious of His presence. The principle of averages, which enables us for instance to know the result of an election where millions of votes are cast, upon receiving a few bunches of scattered returns, suggested to my mind systems of law back of the physical. And in those laws I caught glimpses of beneficent purposes. As my apprehensions of human brotherhood developed under the influence of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," my perceptions of spiritual Fatherhood clarified. I realized that human suffering, which I had once attributed to an angry deity and later to insentient fate, is traceable to human indifference to beneficent natural laws.

So I wandered out of my atheism, if atheism it was, into what I shall presume to characterize as a rational spiritualism—not the spiritualism of the mediums, but a philosophy of spiritual life.

Your sense of the incongruous might be quickened if I, after characterizing this philosophy as rational, were to identify it with the name of Emanuel Swedenborg. That was my own material experience when a friend whose sense of the rational I held in high esteem, assured me that Swedenborg's philosophy was reasonable. And if you dip into some of his books, you may fare no better at first than I did. Their stilted Latin-English; their ecclesiastical phrasings; the woodeny pictures of angels always facing the Lord, whom they couldn't see except as a sun in the heavens; the hard, geometrical arrangement of spiritual phenomena as Swedenborg seemed to me to see them—such things as these made his books uninterestingly fantastic. But as I began to appreciate his meanings, somewhat I imagine as one gradually appreciates the strange idioms of a new language, his descriptions which had seemed fantastic and dull revealed to me phenomena of individual and social life animate with rational purpose and replete with human interest. Translate Swedenborg out of the lifeless and colorless Latin-English in which his writings are officially printed, into the living speech that phrases modern modes of thought, and he is not fantastic, not mystical, not irrational.

This is not my view alone, nor the view alone of Swedenborg's followers. James Freeman Clarke may be quoted as saying: "Emanuel Swedenborg became the organ of a new spiritual philosophy, the power of which is hardly yet understood, but which seems likely to leaven all religious thought and change all arbitrary theologies into a rational spiritualism." Edward Everett Hale has said: "Swedenborgianism has done the liberating work of the last century. * * * The wave Swedenborg started lasts to this day. The statements of Swedenborg's religious works have revolutionized theology." Still another, Ralph Waldo Emerson, is doubtless known to you all to have said: "The most remarkable step in the religious history of recent ages is that made by the genius of Swedenborg. * * * These truths passing out of his system into general circulation, are now met with every day, qualifying the views and creeds of all churches and of men of no church."

Three things about Swedenborg's philosophy are singularly impressive. One of these is the obvious truth of its details. Another is its completeness and homogeneity. The third is the universal adaptability of its principles. Like leaf to tree, or body to mind, or mind to spirit, is any part of this philosophy to any related part. With it as with physical nature, everything fits true. If Swedenborg recorded mere dreams and hallucinations, then he dreamed a philosophy of miraculous consistency. If he recorded no dreams nor hallucinations, but thought out this philosophy—which he might possibly have done, for his was one of the greatest minds of his day; an intimate of Kant's, he was also one of the most renowned scientists of Europe—if he thought out this philosophy, and then as a tour de force turned it into allegory, he produced an allegory of marvelous art—one so perfect in its analogies yet so true to human life that the "Pilgrim's Progress" is by comparison without form and void. Yet Swedenborg unless he did one or the other of those two things, must have seen what he says he saw. On the spiritual planes of existence, where to us all is ideal and abstract, he must have seen individual and social life in the concrete.

It makes little difference to me, however, whether Swedenborg saw these spiritual phenomena concretely or not. Of the authenticity of his message to mankind, his philosophy simply as philosophy, is its own sufficient voucher. For example, in his concept of God as both "esse" and "existere," the "being" and "becoming" theories of the old philosophies are vitalized with rational spiritual life. By the same concept the truths of idealism are harmonized in one great system with all that is true in materialism. Swedenborg's "esse" as infinite and eternally unchanging essence, and "existere" as its infinite and eternally changing expression, constitute the dominant principle of all the phenomena we know. According to him this is the dominant principle of phenomena on every plane—physical, mental, moral, spiritual. It is God himself.

But as this principle is God simply as principle, we get no idea of God's form. For the human mind, on a plane where idea is abstract and matter alone is concrete, to think of the form of a principle is to think of emptiness and nothingness. Since, then, we cannot picture the form of God as He is in principle, the Messiah appears in the form of superlative man. In this form we can conceive of God, because this is the highest form we are in this life capable of contemplating and loving.

As Son to Father, the Messiah is the second person in the Trinity. But the Trinity of Swedenborg is not the medieval riddle of three individuals who are yet but one individual. Swedenborg's Trinity in its ideal expression is a universal principle—the principle of the unity of purpose, cause, and effect; or, what is essentially the same thing, of substance, form and use. Without this trinity in unity God could not be God, nor could any man be a man. Even a chair could not be a chair; for is not a chair necessarily substance, form and utility—wood, shape and seating capacity—and are not these things three distinct elements of one object? On their highest plane, these three unified elements appear to Swedenborg's vision as Father, Son

and Holy Spirit—three in one and one in three: God the Father as infinite purpose or love, desiring creation; God the Son as infinite cause or wisdom, conceiving creation; and God the Spirit as infinite effect or use, which is creation.

Let us illustrate on a lower plane with a man, a useful inventor, Edison, for example, as the inventor of electric lighting. We have in the first place Edison's purpose or love, desiring to produce electric lighting; in the second place his knowledge or wisdom, conceiving a method of electric lighting; and in the third place, his actual utilization of this knowledge or wisdom for the satisfaction of his purpose or love, in producing electric lighting and thereby serving mankind. Here are three elements, and all of them were necessary, and necessary in union as one. Without this trinity in unity, Edison, as inventor of electric lighting, not only could not exist but would be unthinkable.

And when we speak of God the spirit as infinite effect or use, which is creation, we mean creation in the sense not merely of original making but of continuous making. Very often the idea of a First Cause seems to imply an original cause, when its real meaning is a continuous cause. To illustrate—we might speak of the movement of a cannon ball and the movement of a watch as caused by a force. But the cannon ball's movement is caused by an original, the movement of the watch by a continuous force.

Constituting the one original source and continuous impulse of all phenomena, the three attributes of God —purpose or love, cause or wisdom, and effect or use— are symbolized materially by the heat, and light, and consequent vitality of the sun. The sun is said to be in our solar system correspondent to the triune God in his universe. To understand what is meant by correspondent, some idea of the Swedenborgian doctrine of correspondence is necessary. Correspondence differs, let me explain, from analogy. Analogues are only accidental resemblances, having no relation to cause and effect; whereas Swedenborg's correspondences are effects on one plane, of cause on another. The idea may be crudely illustrated by one's image in a mirror. This is not an analogue; its characteristics are those of the Swedenborgian correspondence. A perfect example of correspondence is facial expression; it is a manifestation of the mental on the plane of the physical. Another example is the heat of the sun, which is the material appearance of God's love, as is its light of his wisdom. Upon coming to full spiritual consciousness, we should feel, according to Swedenborg, the love principle as the physical body feels heat, and see wisdom as the physical eye sees light. In like manner, all other realities of what we now call the ideal would be concretely phenomenal.

Interpreting the Bible by this system of correspondences, Swedenborg considers it as embodying an inner sense, which constitutes the true Biblical revelation. This inner sense is not as in a cryptogram; it is to the literary and the historical sense as soul to body or cause to effect. The first chapter of Genesis thus becomes essentially the story of the birth of a human soul, and the Israelitish pilgrimage of its regeneration; while the tragic drama of Palestine is a representation of the progress of truth on earth—its birth in a lowly place, the vicious pursuit of it in infancy, its confounding of the learned in youth, its temporary obscurity, its subsequent disturbance of dominant or crystalized disorder, its crucifixion, its resurrection, its triumph. And isn't this process familiar, not alone in the development of individual character, but also of human society, or what Swedenborg would call the "greater man"? From Moses to Lincoln every leader in the new crusade has realized it. Have we not all realized it? Do we not all realize, moreover, that truth triumphant always crystalizes in false forms, to be in turn broken up and reformed with repetitions essentially of the same drama successively on higher and higher planes of apprehension and application?

According to Swedenborg's philosophy, the different planes of divine expression are insulated, the phenomena of each progressing in continuous degrees on their own plane and being held to it by the principle of what Swedenborg calls discrete degrees. A crude illustration of discrete degrees would be a stream of water in a pipe, which while it can flow continuously within the pipe, cannot spread beyond its confines. This principle of discrete degrees, one of the great distinguishing doctrines of Swedenborg, is no more than the perfection of analysis. It simply recognizes and distinguishes essential differences.

A very important principle, therefore, is the principle of discrete degrees; one which is by the present generation woefully ignored. The universities ignore it when they treat sociology as an inductive science merely, the churches when they consider it deductively alone; Christian Scientists ignore it when they obscure the difference between the spiritual and the physical, materialists when they are blind and deaf to the spiritual; socialists ignore it when they obscure the difference betwen social solidarity and individual autonomy, anarchists when they deny social solidarity; your practical man ignores it when he sneers at the ideal, your idealist when he abjures the practical.

All differences of kind, from lowest to highest, are within the Swedenborgian concept of discrete degrees. But life is divided by Swedenborg into four major degrees, or planes, each discreted from the others. These are the corporeal, the plane on which the physical senses reign; the natural, the plane of intellectual activity; the moral, the plane of righteous conduct; the spiritual, the plane of motive. To give to your fellow man a "fair deal," for example, whatever the motive, even though it be only to keep out of jail or to get into good society, is moral; but it is not spiritual unless inspired by motives of respect for the rights of your fellows as equal to your own.

Through the boundaries of discrete degrees nothing can pass in its own form. Its form must alter to harmonize with the nature of the plane to which it passes. For illustration, love on the spiritual plane becomes heat on the corporeal, and wisdom on the former is light on the latter. Consequently the scientist, though he might explore to infinity the continuous degrees of the corporeal plane, can never penetrate its insulation into the natural, the moral, or the spiritual—not as a scientist, not by so-called scientific methods. On the corporeal plane we live in a world of effects. It depends not only for its original impulse but also for its continuance upon other worlds—discreted worlds of causes. The latter can be studied from the former only ideally, by philosophical as distinguished from scientific methods, and through the medium of correspondences. Chemical analysis is not the open sesame; anatomical psychology is vanity and vexation.

But don't imagine that Swedenborg's philosophy is merely an intellectual system. From center to periphery it is vibrant with the doctrine of usefulness for its own sake. This doctrine is simply a rational interpretation of the two great commandments—love for God and love for the neighbor. Man's love for the neighbor expresses itself and finds satisfaction in usefulness to man; his love for God, in usefulness to man under the inspiration of his imperfect perceptions

of the eternal principles of absolute right. Conversely, God's love finds expression and satisfaction in usefulness to man and in harmony also with the eternal principles of absolute right.

Understood in that way, the idea of love by God for man and by man for God appealed to my awakening sense of the spiritual. So I turned hopefully to Swedenborg for light, for more light, for further light. As I began to apprehend his philosophy, it responded to my unchecked demand for the rational. Through it I came to appreciate the dilemma of those to whom everything is in flux, and also the dilemma of those to whom everything is fixed. Eternally changing phenomena seem to me now but natural expressions of eternally unchanging principle. I behold a universe of matter and mind and morals and spirit in constant flux phenomenally, yet in principle the same yesterday, today, and forever. It is a universe, moreover, which is pervaded and governed by an exquisite harmony of the wisdom that is infinite rationality and the love that is infinite justice.

By Swedenborg's philosophy, therefore,—not in every respect as interpretated by its organized cult, but in a general way—my later religious views have been moulded. Though it may not have restored religion to me nor me to religion, I am conscious of some of the signs of both. Many of these I shall not mention, partly for lack of time and partly because they could not be interesting to you. I may say, however, that I feel once more that I am a miserable sinner; though it is when I wrong a brother or drift away from the principles of absolute right as I perceive them and never because I miss a prayer meeting or amuse myself on a Sunday. Once more I try to pray, but in my work rather than on my knees. And I fear—for this is a confession—that I am still somewhat of a Pharisee; I cannot wholly rid myself of the notion that it is a deadly sin in others to disagree with me. But Pharisee or not, I am able with all sincerity to say, along with men whose experience has been like my own, that a faith that was dead has revived. But this faith is not the old terror-fostered credulity; it is implicit confidence simply in the practicability of what is right. If there are times when I falter, and indeed there are many such times, I can exclaim with rational fervor regarding this faith, as aforetime I prayed with credulous piety regarding its graven image, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."

Shelley's Death.

Well was it, Shelley, that death came to thee,
  Not through sad, slow disease, upon the shore,
  But far from man, 'mid sudden clash and roar
Of wind and wave, on the tempestuous sea.
Well did 'st thou wish; no fitter thing could be
  Than that thy spirit which an aspect wore
  Unearthly fair, should pass in secret, more
Like other powers of beauteous mystery.
Thy death was not like death; thou wert like a star
  That, when the dusk at the horizon dips,
Shines clear and dazzling from some region far;
  Beauty and night's most strange apocalypse,
Anon to quench its light in clouds that bar
  All suddenly and leave it in eclipse.

—*William Francis Barnard in To-Morrow.*

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir tree rocking its lullaby
  Swings, swings
  Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

—*Pauline Johnson.*

The masses are nothing but the raw material that must be fashioned into the people.—*Ibsen.*

The Freedom of the Truth.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL GROVE MEETING AT TOWER HILL, WISCONSIN, ON SUNDAY, AUGUST 20, 1905, BY REV. MARGARET T. OLMSTEAD, PASTOR OF UNITY CHURCH, DECORAH, IOWA.

YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE.—JESUS.

In what I have to say this morning I wish to place the emphasis on the last part of this text. I assume that we all believe it is important to know truth, and that it is our duty to seek the truth. Why should we know truth? Partly for the joy of knowing. But there is a deeper reason, and that is because "the truth shall make you free"; free from ignorance, and therefore free from the fear and superstition and narrowness that go with ignorance; free to revere the traditions of the past without being hampered by them. We have seen in our recent studies here in the summer school, how when we come to know the truth about the older religions, when we know the truth about the much misrepresented Mohammed, the truth about our much maligned Chinese brothers, when we get at the inside facts in the lives of those seers we call "pagan," and learn the heart of their message, we are shamed out of our spiritual egotism, set free from our Christian bigotry and our national self conceit.

But truth is to set us free not only in a negative sense by eliminating ignorance and fear, superstition and bigotry, but also in a positive sense by developing in us more abundant life. Freedom means more than mere liberty. It means opportunity and power.

It has been said that Christianity is not a body of parable or doctrine, but a contagion of life. I should say it is both. Every religion has these two elements. theology and religious experience. Or to put it in the language of our text, every religion involves the knowing of truth, and the living of truth. Both are essential. We ought not to minimize the importance of theology. I do not refer to systems of theology, or creeds in the technical sense, but to the thought element in religion, the individual's "credo" which he has not accepted second-hand but has actually thought out for himself. Our ideas of God and man, our conception of life and duty and destiny, our mental attitude toward the universe, have a mighty influence on character. Tolstoy claims that much of the social injustice of our modern life is the result of false dogmas taught in the name of Christianity. Ian Maclaren says that the world's much needed "revival of religion will come in the form of a new statement of the eternal verities of religion, made in such a way as to give more force to the golden rule."

Granting all this, yet history shows that every great and genuine revival of religion has come about not through truth in the abstract, but through truth personalized, as it were. It has been the work of some strong soul who not only saw larger visions of truth than his contemporaries, but who experienced in himself the truth he saw and taught. So here we have the requisites of the ideal religious leader, or revivalist if you please, a free, liberal mind, a strong, attractive personality, a deep soul experience. In this category would come such leaders as Jesus, Paul and Socrates, Mohammed, Buddha and Moses, Luther, Wesley, Ballou and Channing, and these are not all. It is the spiritual, not nominal, followers of such men who are keeping alive the spirit of religion today as a real force in the world.

Says Professor James: "He who lives the life of

religion however narrowly, is superior to him who only knows about religion be it ever so much."

Therefore, to know truth should not be the object of our highest aspiration. Knowledge is the instrument whereby we may attain to something better. And the something better than truth knowing is a true life.

You and I may think we have a religious faith preeminently fitted to make character. If all who hold such faith mentally would only let it do its full and perfect work morally the kingdom of Heaven would sooner be established on the earth.

Have we a practical religion? Let it be the object of our earnest endeavor to have also a practiced religion.

The realm of science is one where truth is said to be sought and prized for truth's own sake.

Now the scientist purely as a scientist may rightfully love truth for its own sake. And the scientific spirit, so far as it exists in you or me or any one, values truth in this way. But every one, no matter how much interested in science, has interests outside of science. Even the professional is something more than a scientist. He is a human being. His life is not bounded, filled and rounded by the laboratory. Therefore, he must see that truth has an object beyond itself. When he contemplates life in its wholeness, he values all knowledge not merely for its own sake, but for the soul's sake. His highest reason for seeking truth is because of what it can do to make life, all life, more noble and more joyful.

Just as our knowledge of the truth will help us to live more truly, so our true living will be a means by which we shall learn more truth. If today we will act according to the best light we have, tomorrow we shall have more light to live by. Emerson says that *"so to be* is the sole inlet of *so to know."* That only in proportion as you achieve manhood, only so far do you know anything rightly. "The simplest words," he says, "we do not know what they mean except when we love and aspire." Jesus stated the same law when he said that if we do the will of God we shall know of the doctrine.

Perhaps we do not need new truth so much as we need new applications of truth.

One thing that makes progress so slow is our reluctance to apply old principles to new conditions. "New occasions make new duties," but seldom is a new principle required for the fulfilling of these new duties. We simply need to see that the new occasion is merely one more occasion calling for the application of the same old principles that we have applied to a hundred other occasions.

Mr. Alfred Wallace and others have called our attention to the alarming fact that while material and intellectual progress have been going ahead at a rapid rate during the past century, moral progress has lagged behind. They do not say there has been no advance in this line. There has been much when considered by itself. But when compared with the tremendous mental and material growth ,the moral growth has been far too little, to say the least. The world has not become worse, as is sometimes thought, in becoming wiser and richer. It has become better. But the increase in knowledge and material wealth is out of all proportion greater than the increase in moral character. It is not for us to censure our predecessors for this neglect of moral advance. It was not deliberately so planned. Let us rather be grateful for all that has been achieved. But it is plainly our duty to see to it that things are better balanced from now on.

During this century the emphasis must be more and more placed on strengthening this weak point in human development. This 100 years should go down in history as the century of a great spiritual revival. Not that the other forms of progress will cease. Science is yet in its infancy. The quest for truth, all kinds of truth, is a holy quest and must go on. There is much ignorance still that must be eliminated. Knowledge will become more accurate, more clearly grasped, more widely diffused among all the people. Many wonderful inventions will be made. And this kind of progress ought to go on.

It is beneficent to man. It is thinking God's thoughts after him; expressing through the arts of life the same law, order and beauty that the Infinite Mind is expressing in Nature. But the question will oftener confront us whether with all our advantages we are better than our forefathers. I think we are, that is, the average morality is perhaps higher than a century ago. But we are not nearly as much better as our advantages are. The advantages are not to blame, but our use of them. Electricity, machinery, modern knowledge, the new theology will all contribute to character if we allow them to. The truth will make us free, if we will let it make us free.

The Religious Education Association, which recently held its third annual meeting in Boston, shows that the great educators of the world are of one mind in thinking that the most vital problem in education today is how to teach in such a way that knowledge shall bear fruit in character. One thing the schools need to do more potently is to develop the social conscience, to impress the fact of communal relations and the law of mutual service in organized social life. It seems to be easier to be righteous in one's private relations than in one's corporate duties. In eulogizing prominent public men it is not enough to say that his personal life is pure and upright. We must take account of the ethics of his corporate acts as well. There is no man or woman who can escape social responsibility. We all have it whether in an official capacity or not. Each of us owes something to our community, and it behooves the most humble, no less than the most influential, member of society to courageously stand for and live up to his or her convictions. Do it for your own sake, and still more for the sake of the common good. We are told that the way to reform society is to reform the individual. True, but only half true, unless the individual clearly understands that society is an organic whole of which he is a vital part.

There are two classes of human effort; the things "I" must do alone and single handed, and the things "we" must do together because they require united action.

In our studies we learned that those ancient civilizations went down not because their religion was inadequate, but because the people broke faith with their own moral standards and spiritual ideals. Let the younger nations take warning. As Americans we claim to stand for liberty and democracy. As a Christian nation we claim to believe in brotherhood and the supremacy of spiritual interests. The very claim proves that we have got hold, intellectually at least, of some of the grandest truths of the ages. We can't be excused from any ethical lapses on the ground of ignorance. The pressing question of the hour for us as Americans is, "Has the truth made us free?" Before answering let us thoughtfully review our international dealings, and our institutions at home, industrial, commercial, political, in the light of those great words Liberty, Democracy, Brotherhood, Character.

This is your affair and mine. We are the American

uttering long cries of anguish. Such dumb misery in her looks—poor thing!

"Her keeper said: 'Don't you be afraid, sir. Hebe's got sense.'

"But I own that I felt rather queer and shaky as I went up to the huge beast.

"The men employed about the show came around us curiously, but at a respectfully and eminently safe distance, as I bent down to examine the foot.

"While I was doing so, as gently as I could, I felt a light touch on my hair. It was as light as a woman's; but as I turned and saw the great trunk behind me it had an awful suggestiveness.

"'She's only curling your hair," sang out the keeper. 'Don't mind her.'

"'I shall have to cut, and cut deep,' said I, by way of reply. He said a few words in some lingo which were evidently intended for the elephant's understanding only. Then he shouted with utmost coolness, 'Cut away!'

"The man's faith inspired me. There he stood, absolutely unprotected, directly in front of the great creature, and quietly jabbered away to her as if this were an everyday occurrence.

"Well, I made one gash with the knife. I felt the grasp on my hair tighten perceptibly, yet not ungently. Cold drops of perspiration stood out all over me.

"'Shall I cut again?' I managed to call out.

"'Cut away!' came the encouraging response.

"This stroke did the work. A great mass of fetid matter followed the passage of the knife; the abscess was lanced. We sprayed out the foot, packed it with oakum, and bound it up. The relief must have been immediate, for the grasp on my hair relaxed, the elephant drew a long, almost human sigh.

"It must have been a year and a half after this that I was called to Western Massachusetts to see some fancy horses. Barnum's show was there. You may be sure that I called to inquire for my distinguished patient.

"'Hebe's well and hearty, sir,' the keeper answered me. 'Come in and see her, she'll be glad to see you.'

"There she stood, the beauty, as well as ever. For a moment she looked at me indifferently, then steadily and with interest. She next reached out her trunk, and laid it caressingly, first on my shoulder and then on my hair—how vividly her touch brought back to my mind the cold shivers I endured at my introduction to her—and then she slowly lifted up her foot, now whole and healthy, and showed it to me. That's the sober truth."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Where Mother Is.

Old-fashioned flowers, with fragrance sweet,
  Bloom where mother is.
Life's a psalm, a song replete,
  With joy where mother is.
There all woes and sorrows cease,
Naught but rest and heavenly peace
  Dwells where mother is.

The jostling crowd, the wearing din,
  Are not where mother is.
The flaunting rags of shame and sin
  Reach not where mother is.
Heart-sick, brain-tired, nerve-wracked soul,
Before thy tear-dimmed eyes a goal,
  Exists where mother is.

All grief and doubt and unbelief
  Flee where mother is.
Hope and faith and sweet relief
  Come where mother is.
Mother, mother, name most sweet,
Heaven guide my weary feet,
  Home where mother is.

—*Maxwell's Talisman.*

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THE FIELD.

The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL.—At the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association a large number of letters from friends and workers in other countries was read, including several that expressed warm interest in the coming International Council at Geneva. I quote from the *Inquirer:*

Bishop Ferencz wrote from Kolosvár on behalf of the Unitarian churches of Hungary, saying that the past year had been difficult for their agricultural population, because of the bad harvest, but that there were signs of progress. They had carried out the reorganization of their church government, and improved the ministers' stipend fund, and that the number of their theological students was doubled, so that he hoped soon to be able to supply all vacant places. The Francis David Association had carried on excellent work. He had been present at the Budapest meeting in May, when the Rev. N. Yozan read an appreciation paper on Dr. Martinson. The building of the churches at Hodmezovasarhely and Gzskelyudvorhely was proceeding. They had translated three of our tracts and some of the papers read at the Amsterdam conference into Hungarian, and looked forward with great interest to the coming meetings of the International Council at Geneva, which many of them hoped to attend.

Professor Jean Réville wrote: I feel even more how necessary it is for all friends of liberal religious thought and work to be connected in the different countries in the world. We are nearly everywhere little minorities, but we represent a good cause. Our influence ought to be greater than our number admits of. Thus we want to strengthen one another by mutual assistance. I shall never forget how salutary it was for me to become acquainted with some of your Unitarian brethren in England and in America, and I hope that the Unitarians in England will ever more be conscious that their earnestness and their devotion for the sake of liberal Christianity is a blessing, not only for their countrymen, but all over the world, for all those who are able to read their books and to hear of their works.

Herr Schrader, president of the *Deutscher Protestanturverein,* wrote from Berlin:

We beg to thank you and your president for your kind invitation, but much regret not to be able to appoint a delegate to your anniversary meetings. Whit-week is an unfavorable time for the clergy, and those who are not detained by clerical duties are too much occupied with home affairs to be able to leave Berlin. The liberals in the established churches of Germany are made the subject of a well-concerted attack by the orthodox parties, begun in the District Synod in Prussia, and to be continued in the coming Provincial Synods! For this we must be prepared. I hope your association may take an interest in some printed matter I shall send you on the subject. Possibly it may be in our power to send a representative of our *Protestanturverein* to the International Congress of Unitarians and other liberal thinkers at Geneva in August this year.

A letter from the Rev. R. Balmforth of Cape Town, though containing no reference to the congress at Geneva, is interestingly suggestive in regard to possibilities in South Africa. He says:

Here in South Africa our movement was apparently at a standstill during the war, as, indeed, was natural, for how can we expect a movement which is based on love to God and

man to be forwarded by a movement based upon mistrust and hatred? Since the war, however, people's minds have gradually become more accessible to our views and principles. I have very frequent applications for information and literature from all parts of South Africa. Within the last three months I have had two renewed inquiries (from Johannesburg and Kimberley) as to whether our movement could not be permanently organized there, but in places where there is a large fluctuating population and where public spirit is markedly low, I think it well to urge that local initiative and the formation of local committees should precede any appeal to you. Still, I think much good might be done if the B. and F. U. A., in conjunction, say, with the American Unitarian Association, would organize annual missionary tours to one or other parts of the English-speaking world, for missionary activity not only strengthens our own people, it often spreads fruitful seed throughout the whole religious community.

To come back to the International Council, our English exchanges announce that the organized English party will leave London for Geneva on Aug. 25, going by way of Newhaven, Dieppe and Paris. There is every prospect of a large attendance from Great Britain and Ireland, says W. Copeland Bonis. The committee at Geneva are doing everything in their power to make the gathering attractive and inspiring. Never before in its history did the city of Calvin entertain so many representative "heretics." Many leading citizens have jointed the Reception Committee, and the liberal religious thinkers and workers from both sides of the Atlantic, and from India and other countries are assured of a warm welcome.

In response to inquiries it is said that evening dress, though not obligatory, will be worn, at least by the majority of resident gentlemen, both at the conversazione on Wednesday evening and at the banquet on Thursday.

The latest details for Americans are given by Dr. Samuel A. Eliot in the *Christian Register* of July 27. He says:

The place of meeting for the council is exceptionally inspiring. It is peculiarly significant that this international gathering of Liberal Christians should gather in Calvin's city, under the presidency of one of the professors in Calvin's College, and not far from the place where Servetus was burned for his Unitarian heresies. The social fellowship of the council is equal in value to the intellectual and spiritual nourishment. The council offers the opportunity of coming into close personal contact with liberal scholars from all parts of the world, and the hospitality of the Swiss committee has provided a number of delightful social opportunities. On the evening of the 28th of August there is to be a reception for all the visitors and delegates. The next evening there is a steamboat excursion on the lake of Geneva, Wednesday evening another reception at the Palace Eynard, and on Thursday evening a banquet or festival.

The programme offers a rich and varied order of exercises. There are to be three religious services, with sermons in French, by Dr. Roberty of Paris; in German, by Prof. Fürrer of Zürich; and in English, by Dr. Savage of New York; while on the Sunday following the conference, Rev. Charles Wagner of Paris will preach. All these services are held in the cathedral of St. Pierre. The morning addresses include, beside the address of the president, Prof. Montet of Geneva, and the report of the general secretary, Mr. Wendte, essays by Prof. Pfleiderer of Berlin, Prof. Boros of Kolozsvár, Prof. Carpenter of Oxford, and Père Hyacinthe of Paris. The reports from the different countries, and the condition of liberal Christianity therein, will be especially interesting. Dr. Altherr of Berne reports on "Religious Liberalism in German Switzerland," Rev. A. Bourrier of Strasburg on "The Work of Reform in France," Prof. Erdmans of Leyden on "Liberal Theology and Religion in Holland," Rev. W. Copeland Bowie on "The Condition of the Unitarian Churches in Great Britain and Ireland," and Prof. Jean Réville of Paris on "The Separation of the Church and State in France." The American report will be given by Secretary St. John or by President Southworth of Meadville.

The American delegation already pledged to attend numbers over thirty, and will doubtless be increased by American travellers who have not yet signified to the general secretary their intention of attending the meetings. The delegation includes the secretary and five of the directors of the American Unitarian Association, the president and two of the professors of the Meadville Theological School, Prof. Peabody of Harvard, President Mead of the Free Religious Association, Dr. Barrows, formerly editor of the *Christian Register*, distinguished ministers like Savage, Day, Perkins, Van Ness, Jaynes, Latimer, Phalen, Wendte, and a number of other leaders of our cause. The American delegation is charged with the pleasant duty of inviting the International Council to hold its next session in Boston in May, 1907.

Christian Life has been preparing its readers for the thorough appreciation of the historic setting of this gathering by a very readable series of articles on the Reformation in Switzerland and particularly on those French reformers prominently associated with the history of Geneva. Not all of them have fallen under my eye but the one on Farel was particularly interesting because his life and character are, on the whole, less familiar to us than those of Calvin.

The *Signal de Genève* (July 15), after remarking that the local papers have as yet had little to say about the "Congrès International der Protestantism-Liberal," gives the list of members of the executive and of the local committee, some of the expected speakers and delegates and promises early publication of the programme. M. E. H.

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